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BONAPARTE'S

REVERIE.

BONAPARTE,

REVERIE.

BONAPARTE's

REVERIE:

A Poetical Romance.

" *He nods the plumy Creſt, he ſhakes the Spear,*
" *And is that awful Thing which Heav'n ordain'd.*"

SECOND EDITION,

WITH ALTERATIONS.

LONDON:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE intention of this little ſketch, the amuſement of an idle hour, (as far as the poor abilities of the writer would enable him, and amidſt a cloud of fiction and poetic licenſe,) is to paint ſome of the artifices by which Bonaparte, in his late expedition, would rouſe the vanity of the different nations by every hope, and inflame their paſſions by every art, to promote his ambitious deſigns. Whatever may be the final

reſult of it, (and the introduction of Eaſtern vices, propenſities, and diſeaſes, into Europe, will not be one of the leaſt conſequences,) its injuſtice has hardly a parallel in modern hiſtory; and, if the reader will turn to the Ex-Director* Rewbell's defence of his colleagues and himſelf, in the Council of Elders, it is expreſsly ſtated, Bonaparte "*anſwered all objections*, "*obviated all difficulties, removed all obſtacles.*"

If it was projected by the Directory to ſacrifice their Italian army, when they thought their ſervices no longer wanted, or to attack, through Egypt, our Eaſt-India poſſeſſions, the council who planned, and

* Rewbell's ſpeech in the Council of Elders, 12th July, 1799.

the man who agreed to execute, ſo unjuſt a cruſade, are equally implicated in the guilt.

But, at the ſame time, the writer would wiſh to ſpeak of him, with that candour ever due to an enemy, as a man of the greateſt courage, ability, and reſources, but inſtigated, by a frenzied ambition, to actions that perhaps he would have ſhrunk from at an earlier part of his life.

The reader will pleaſe to obſerve Bonaparte's character is here drawn after the conqueror of Italy had degraded himſelf into the free-booter of Egypt.

London,
December 14, 1799.

SINCE the firſt edition was ſtruck off, Bonaparte ſeems to have firmly eſtabliſhed himſelf upon the throne of France, and is now enjoying what his predeceſſors had the toil, guilt, and riſk, of erecting. Unfettered by law, unreſtrained by precedent, unchecked by uſage or cuſtom, he commands, by his ſingle word, the perſon, the purſe, and the profeſſion, of every individual from the Pyrenees to the Weſer, and from the Lake of Conſtance to the Bay of Biſcay.*

* The legiſlative bodies, of which he has ſolely appointed the members, can ſcarcely be conſidered as poſſeſſing the leaſt power of reſtraint; eſpecially if we look at his arbitrary requi-

The ſtorm of revolution having ſubſided, he may not find it neceſſary to have recourſe to arbitrary or ſanguinary meaſures. From policy, he may be humane, to throw a veil over his injuſtice and uſurpation; from policy, he may recall the emigrants, prieſts, &c. (by contraſting his lenity with the ſeverity of thoſe predeceſſors,) to conſolidate and eſtabliſh that authority, which did not emanate from the people, (the only lawful ſource of all power,) over which they have no control, and which has no foundation in deſcent, right, equity, or preſcription.

ſitions for every man in France, twenty-one years of age, to bear arms; his decrees for forced loans, &c.

See the Moniteur.

Auguſtus, from the moſt bloody, became the moſt humane of men when his rivals were cruſhed; but he was not the leſs a deſtroyer of the liberties and conſtitution of his country. Never was the Engliſh name more reſpected abroad than during the Protectorſhip, and no monarch ever underſtood better, or attended more to, the intereſts of his country than Richard the Third; but Cromwell and himſelf were not the leſs uſurpers, and nothing can juſtify the manner in which they attained that power, which, it is but juſtice to their memories to ſay, they did not abuſe.

To the moderation of Bonaparte's government, (from whatever cauſe it proceeds,) the writer would wiſh to bear every teſtimony; and his mili-

tary talents may again bring back victory to the three-coloured flag; but, if he united the legiſlative ability of Lycurgus, the virtues of the Antonines, and the talents of Alfred, the manner in which he got his power, (by outraging every principle attached to a free and deliberative aſſembly,) the maſſacre at Alexandria, his conduct before Acre, and his deſertion of the Egyptian army, will ever remain a blot upon his character.

London,
April 10, 1800.

BONAPARTE's REVERIE.

HOW quick the changes of the ſoldier's fame,
The bold, the vaunting Corſican will name;
He feels no pleaſure but in war's alarms,
The trumpet's clangor, and the din of arms,
Cheering his partners of the tented field,
" Nor ſheath your ſwords," he cries, " till all ſhall
" yield.

" The fatal hour the boldeſt cannot ſhun,
" Whether our days or ſhort or longer run;
" All ſink alike into the ſilent tomb,
" Heroes and cowards ſhare one common doom.
" (Prieſtcraft o'erturn'd,) *Death is eternal ſleep;*
" Yet her brave ſons our country e'er will weep,
" With ev'ry honour ſoothe their hallow'd bier,
" Dwell on their names, and drop the grateful tear;
" High in the proud pantheon place the buſt,
" A trophy ſacred to the warrior's duſt.
" Fame now excites, — ſhe ſounds the loud alarm, —
" Bare your bold breaſts; for conqueſt nobly arm.
" She blows her trump: — her ſacred voice obey,
" And, firſt in danger, I will lead the way;
" I'll never baſely quit that poſt and fly;
" But glorious gain the day, or glorious die."

Shouts of applauſe echo their leader's ſpeech,
As the bold vet'rans fearleſs leave the beach,
Fearleſs embark, and quit their native land,
In ſearch of glory on an unknown ſtrand.—
(As Gallia's ſhores receding from his ſight,
Her vineyards, olive-bow'rs, and villas bright;
As Toulon's ſinking mountains dimly fade,
And ſea and land blend in one ſoften'd ſhade;)
His daring plans were op'ning to his view,
And airy triumphs in his mind he drew.

" The ſun of grandeur riſes on my hopes,
" And her bright portals fairy Promiſe opes:
" The three-ſtrip'd flag makes ev'ry other bend,
" *Sails round the world, and finds in all a friend.*

" The meaneſt wretch, who's fir'd by glory's rage,
" Thinks that his name's enroll'd in hiſt'ry's page.
" O dear Deceit! thou ſtateſman's firmeſt friend,
" By which the rabble crowd promote our end;
" While the magician from the puppets ſtands
" Guiding the ſtrings that play into his hands.
" The diff'rent nations by what arts I'll fire,
" Wake ev'ry paſſion, call forth all their ire,
" Urge them to ſeize the preſent lucky hour,
" And join *my* ſtandard, to exalt *their* pow'r:
" Tell the poor ſlave his ſuff'rings and his right;
" Tell him we're equal all in Nature's ſight;
" Revive thoſe feelings his Creator gave,
" Who ſtamp'd him man, before he ſunk a ſlave,
" Which ſtill remain in poverty's cold ſhade,
" Nor in luxuriant affluence wholly fade.

" His pride now flatter, now his hopes attract;
" He long has ſuffer'd; now he ought to act. —
" Amaz'd he ſtarts, — he graſps my glitt'ring
" ſpears,
" He breathes a hero, and his helmet rears.
" Young Ammon fam'd for many a blood-ſtain'd
" field,
" Zenghis and Timur, to my name muſt yield;
" Great Cæſar too, — though all in hiſt'ry ſhine,
" Each had his hour, the golden *now* is mine.
" Their diff'rent realms and ſtates have had their
" day;
" But all '*to the Great Nation*' muſt give way.
" With modern theories, join'd to vet'ran ſkill,
" I'll mould the ſubject nations to my will,

" Like the black cloud that on the mountain
" lowers,
" When Fabius on the foe reſiſtleſs pours,
" Or chaining Vict'ry to my warlike car,
" Like Scipio's ſelf, the thunderbolt of war,*
" No ſpace, no diſtance, ſhall my ſearch evade,
" From Lapland's ſnows to Chili's boundleſs
" ſhade.

" Tow'rds Egypt's ſhores, I'll plough the foaming
" waves,
" That neſt of tyrants, and that den of ſlaves.

---

* ——— Aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas. Virg. 6 Eneid. 843.

" The Copt,* in vice, in ſloth, in meanneſs, loſt,
" Scarce equalling the beaſts upon his coaſt,
" Awak'ning from his dream, ſhall hope to trace
" The bury'd glories of his ancient race,
" Shall fondly ſee a new Seſoſtris ſhine,
" And renovate his long-forgotten line,
" Proudly anticipate my cannon's roar,
" Renew his ſway to diſtant Ethiop's ſhore.
" On Cairo's moſques '*les trois couleurs*' ſhall wave,
" And ev'ry ſoil that Nile or Niger lave.
" See Thebes once more her hundred gates unbar,
" And pour her duſky myriads to the war;
" Like the bright phœnix, from its parent's mould,
" See Memphis' ſhrines again adorn'd with gold.

* Deſcended from the ancient Egyptians.

" Pompey's huge pillar * ſhall in Paris riſe,
" Rear its proud head, and prop the weſtern ſkies.
" That tow'ring monument atteſts *my* fame,†
" And its great founder's ſinks before *my* name,

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* Sonnini (vol. i. page 128) ſuggeſts the practicability of tranſporting this pillar to Paris, and the placing a coloſſal ſtatue of Liberty on its capital in the Place de la Révolution. For the injuſtice of this aggrandizing principle of the French, aſk not the conquered, but the petty neutral, ſtates of Italy; Parma, Modena, Lucca, &c. during their ravages there. Did that country receive ſo much injury and loſs from Genſeric, &c. &c. as it has done from the mild bleſſings of Gallic fraternity?

† *Periſhable diſtinction, compared with the immortality of his name!!* as was beautifully ſaid, upon another occaſion, by the great Roman orator, of a man whom, in ſome reſpects, perhaps, B***e has imitated.

" Proclaims in characters that all can read,
" He only toil'd — *my* vanity to feed.

" I'll tell the Greeks their fetters ſhall be broke,
" From Turkiſh tyranny and ſlav'ry's yoke:
" By all the heroes for their country loſt,
" By the great Phocion, greater Codrus' ghoſt,
" By the Athenian* who reſtrain'd his ire,
" And the devoted † Spartan's patriot fire;
" Rouſe them by Marathon's diſtinguiſh'd plains
" White with their bones, manur'd with their
" remains,
" ' *On their oppreſſors heads to break their galling*
" *chains.*'

* Themiſtocles. † Leonidas.

" The caravans ſhall ſeek their ancient mart,
" And the two oceans* ſhall no longer part.
" See fallen Tyre riſe from her palmy plain,
" Again triumphant o'er the ſubject main;
" And, echoing with the chearful hum of toil,
" Receive the fruits of ev'ry realm and ſoil;
" Her '*princely traders*' ranſack ev'ry ſhore,
" Helm the white ſail and ply the ſilv'ry oar;
" Her merchants rear again their marble domes,
" And charm whole nations with their matchleſs
" looms;

---

* The well-known project of turning the Eaſt-India trade into its old channel, by uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean.

" See ev'ry flag within her harbours ride,
" And buſy Commerce roll her golden tide;
" Her colonies outſhine the parent ſtate,
" And boaſt a Hannibal, beſtow'd by Fate.

" Ev'n the poor Jew, long ev'ry country's ſcorn,
" Helpleſs, — an outcaſt, — friendleſs and forlorn,
" Shall rear again his long-dejected head,
" Thro' the wide ſpace where all his tribes are ſpread;
" In Canaan's fertile plains his temple rear,
" No cruel Turk, no brutal Chriſtian near:
" Through Hope's bright viſta ſee his beſt reward,
" And hail in me his long-expected lord.

" Mecca, Medina, trembling kiſs the rod,
" And own a ſecond prophet ſent from God:

" Improving on the firſt impoſtor's plan,
" I'll with the Koran teach ' *The Rights of Man;*'
" The wand'ring Arabs ſhall my pow'r adore,
" And with their camels from the deſerts pour;
" The ſtrangers * art they may deſpiſe at will,
" I'll teach them Europe's tactics and her ſkill.
" With luſt of plunder, and of Houries fair,
" They'll guide my van, direct my ſtraggling rear;
" They'll ſwell my ſquadrons, bid the battle bleed,
" Fir'd with the warrior's paradiſe and deathleſs
" meed.

" Th' Imperial creſcent, with her countleſs train,
" Shall try to ſtop my conq'ring arms in vain;

* One of the precepts of the Koran.

" No hardy Othman guards the ſacred green,
" No Saladin, no Solyman, adorn the ſcene.
" That ſtate, where vice, where luxury, bears ſway,
" Becomes the bold invader's eaſy prey;
" The mind once gone, — how ſoon the country falls,
" Though ſtay'd by armies and by brazen walls.
" Mufti and Derviſe in Sophia's dome
" Embrace with joy* the plunderer of Rome;
" Her pow'r, religion, and her rites, o'erturn'd,
" Her Pope led pris'ner, and her prieſtcraft ſcorn'd.

" My trump ſhall Zoroaſter's ſons inſpire,
" And his fam'd Magi ſcorn their ſacred fire:

---

* Read his blaſphemous proclamations in Egypt, which it is impoſſible to reprobate too much.

" The Sabians, too, their conſtellations ſlight,
" And in my ranks for '*Liberty*' ſhall fight.
" I'll rouſe them by their father's glorious deeds,
" Their rich dominions, and their fertile meads;
" Tell them of Babylon's once ſplendid might,
" Now loſt, now ſunk, in everlaſting night;
" Luxurious Bagdad's* gaudy empire fled,
" And all its heroes number'd with the dead.
" Recall Perſepolis's fall'n towers,
" Recall Semiramis' and Sapor's pow'rs,
" Recall their Sultan's far extended ſway,
" Where Indus laves the ſultry realms of day.

---

* For a deſcription of this magnificent court, ſee Gibbon, vol. v. page 418.

" ' *Down with the tyrants,*' Iſpahan aſſails,
" ' *Freedom or death!*' ſounds thro' their Caſpian vales:
" *A Cayenne diligence** ſhall ſoon convey
" Their feeble deſpot and his court away.

---

* Even Robeſpierre gave his victims the mockery of a trial and the parade of a public execution, which diverts the attention, animates the pride, and fortifies the mind againſt the dread of annihilation. It was reſerved for the cruelty of the preſent French ſyſtem to condemn unheard, and without a trial, their legiſlators, generals, &c. to a lingering death upon the unwholeſome coaſt of Cayenne. For an account of their treatment, &c. ſee Deportation to Cayenne, by Ramel. — Perhaps the conſuls may find their power ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that they will not put in execution their decree of ſending their adverſaries to Cayenne. Perhaps they may even (to gain a temporary popularity) recall the victims of the 18th Fructidor, 1797. But the principle re-

" Where wild Siberia ſpreads her cheerleſs clime
" 'Midſt ſnows coeval with the earlieſt time,
" Where endleſs Winter holds her icy throne,
" And the pale ſun-beam is almoſt unknown;

---

mains the ſame; and, if any perſon will take the trouble to read the violent addreſſes, from Bonaparte and the Italian army (which he then commanded) to the Directory, reſpecting their conduct at that memorable era, it will appear clear, though he did not participate in the actual guilt, he entirely approved of it.

Since the firſt edition has been ſtruck off, a pamphlet has been publiſhed at Paris, by a M. Dubruel, in which, among other things, he ſays, " the revolution of the 18th Fructidor " could not have happened, but for the encouragement and pro- " miſes of ſupport from Bonaparte and the Italian army."

" Condemn'd to loſe its all-ſuſtaining light,
" And feel the horrors of a polar night.

" And, as I paſs Palmyra's* ruin'd tow'rs,
" Her ſilent forums and deſerted bow'rs,
" Her mould'ring aqueducts, her empty halls,
" Where the ſtarv'd tigreſs to her whelplings calls,
" That once reſounded with their rival's ire,
" The Roman's pathos, and the Grecian's fire;
" Her ſtreets, frequented by the great and brave,
" Now ſtill as night, now mournful as the grave,
" Once fill'd with all the pomp of glorious Mars,
" The waving banners, and the rattling cars;

---

* For an account of this once great and powerful city, ſee Gibbon, vol. i. p 365.

" Her moſs-crown'd theatres that ſaw the day
" When they were crowded with the young and gay;
" Her ancient genius greets my gallant bands,
" Points out the well, and cools the burning ſands,
" Tranſported finds her late avengers come,
" The tardy puniſhers of treach'rous Rome;
" Rome, that had made her feel its iron yoke,
" Plunder'd her temples, and her ſceptre broke,
" In conqueſt cruel, in her triumph mean,
" Her chains, though golden, cruſh'd her beauteous
" queen;*
" Steers my battalions in their trackleſs way,
" Through many a tedious, many a ſcorching, day,

---

* Zenobia.

" Bids the light zephyr blow, the dews deſcend,
" Makes e'en the dog-ſtar's raging influence end,
" Points to the camel, bury'd dates and grain,
" Urges the cannon-wheels, and aids the loaded wain,
" Diſarms the venom of the pois'nous ſnake,
" Stills the fierce lion in the woody brake,
" Heals the muſqueto's and the ſcorpion's bite,
" Makes night's ſoft empreſs ſhine with brighter
" light;
" O'er the tir'd ſoldier downy ſlumber ſpreads
" His knapſack-pillow and his ſandy beds,
" Soothes him with viſions of his native land,
" Rhone's rapid torrent, and its long-loſt ſtrand,
" The Loire or Garonne with their trickling rills,
" His own fire-ſide, — dear home, — and vine-clad
" hills,

" Recalls the rivals of his early hours,
" His ſchool-companions, his paternal bow'rs;
" When dreams of bliſs their airy projects ope,
" And youth's warm tide beats high with gen'rous
" hope.
" The game he play'd in childhood's happy day,
" The turf-clad graves where his forefathers lay;
" Or where the lofty poplar ſpreads its ſhade,
" His vows were whiſper'd to the bluſhing maid,
" Charm'd in ſweet mem'ry's ſoften'd hues to trace
" Each well-known object and each well-known
" face;
" Recalls the village-curate's peaceful cot,
" Who firſt abſolv'd, then cheer'd his humble lot;
" Recalls his ſilver locks, his aged form,
" Meekly reſign'd, that bent beneath the ſtorm,

" Whoſe ſoft rebukes were all with mercy fraught,
" Himſelf believing what he preach'd and taught,
" Who drew from conſcience ev'ry rankling ſting,
" And brought down Comfort on her cherub-wing;
" Recalls the feſtivals, when, hand in hand,
" In mazy dance he led the youthful band,
" Or, the gay vintage o'er, he tun'd the lay,
" As ſun-burnt labour made a holiday.

" He ſtarts; and, ſighing, hears the piquet's
" hum,
" The centry's challenge, and the diſtant drum;
" And, as he wakes, the magic colours fade,
" But Fancy cheers him with her pow'rful aid;
" Hope kindly whiſpers, — all your toils ſhall ceaſe,
" And, crown'd with glory, end at laſt in peace,

" While ſoft reflection ſteals the manly tear,
" And the rough warrior feels — who ſcorns to fear.

" With dauntleſs breaſt, the unknown ſeas I'll
" brave,
" Where vertic ſuns inflame th' equatic wave;
" Where the tornado ſplits the ſhiv'ring ſail,
" And the dread monſoon's ſtormy gales prevail;
" Where, dup'd by all my arts and ſpecious wiles,
" Their May-day ſun-ſhine and their tranſient ſmiles,
" Viſnu's meek follow'rs, for the ' *public good*,'
" Unfurl the ſail,* and leave the ſacred wood.
" Delhi, with turrets reaching to the ſkies,
" Shall tremble at a northern Nadir's riſe;

* Both forbid by their religion.

" Her gold, her ſpices, and her jewels bright,
" Repay the loſs of many a ſleepleſs night:
" Her lovely Harams are the ſoldier's prey,
" And ſoothe the toils of many a hard-fought day.
" In flow'ry bow'rs, where fragrant ſhades prevail,
" And echoing with the night-bird's plaintive tale,
" They pour their woes in ſoft Affection's ear,
" Doubly repaid by beauty's pearly tear.
" Some Georgian, blooming in reſiſtleſs charms,
" Coyly ſhall fold me in her iv'ry arms;
" Her fears, her apprehenſions, I'll remove,
" And warm her throbbing boſom into love;
" Rouze all her paſſions, wake the kindling fire,
" And gently fan the torch of young deſire;
" Then in her jetty flowing locks I'll twine,
" Hang on her cheek, and preſs her lip to mine;

" She'll lull my ſpirits to their long-ſought reſt,
" Forgetting all upon her ſnowy breaſt;
" I'll graſp the fleeting golden pleaſures giv'n,
" In her embrace enjoy the ſhort-liv'd heav'n;
" Snatch thoſe dear moments, that are all we boaſt,
" No ſooner gain'd, but are as quickly loſt;
" Snatch the few joys that are allow'd by Fate,
" And baniſh by her love the anxious cares of
" ſtate. —

" Awoke again by proud Ambition's call,
" Adieu the gala, and farewel the ball;
" Adieu the ſofa and the myrtle groves,
" The ſoft pavilions and Circaſſian loves;
" Your gay pagodas, where the feſtive throng
" Frolick in maſk, or tune the choral ſong;

" No Cleopatra, with her melting lyre,
" Diſſolves a ſecond time a warrior's fire,
" No more ſhall make an Anthony her ſlave,
" And the world's maſter for an Actium rave:
" Love's idle joys forgot, in arms I'll riſe,
" And, as before,—again be brave and wiſe;
" No Indian Capua, in ſilken robe,
" Shall loſe again the empire of the globe,
" Nor ſunk in luxury, my vet'ran band
" Shrink from the blaſt, and drop the nerveleſs
" hand.

" London's proud merchants, far renown'd in
" ſong,
" Shall feel the proweſs of my martial throng,

" Thoſe haughty iſlanders with dread ſurpriſe
" Shall ſee another Alberquerque* ariſe,
" Shall ſee their rapine, their extortion, end,
" And find their juggle — to a greater bend.
" (What gave to Macedon th' Athenian ſtate,
" Rich in her treaſures, and with conqueſts great,
" Silenc'd her ſtateſmen, loud for war's alarms,
" Palſy'd her fleets, her galleys, and her arms?
" What from his throne the great Darius hurl'd,
" And to young Philip gave the Eaſtern world?
" What ruin'd Greece, the Perſian empire down,
" And call'd one half the univerſe her own?

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* For the exploits of this celebrated Portugueze in India, ſee Abbé Reynal, vol. i. p. 130.

" What haughty Carthage, with her ſplendid dome ;

" And thee, thou mightieſt, all-conq'ring Rome?

" True as the magnet to the polar ſtar,

" Which guides the toiling mariner from far,

" The ſame effects e'er follow the ſame cauſe,

" Proſperity unnerves the mind, the ſtate, the laws.

" In her warm ſun-ſhine, principles decay,

" Corruption ſeizes on her eaſy prey.)

" Though their proud flag is wav'd on ev'ry ſhore,

" And golden millions can be told no more;

" Though wealth comes flowing in by ev'ry wind,

" And their great empire ſoars above mankind;

" With all their ſcenes of opulence and ſhow,

" Where grandeur only ſeems around to glow;

" Their crowded harbours, and their gaudy ſtreets,

" Where ev'ry country, ev'ry nation, meets;

" Their gilded palanquins that throng the doors,
" Where Indolence her ev'ry fancy pours;
" Let them enjoy their day, while yet it laſts,
" I'll raiſe lower the 'gainſt the higher caſts;
" Vainly ſecure, they trophy all their arms,
" I'll ſhake them to the centre with alarms;
" Shake the broad rampart, and the lofty fane,
" '*Like the bright dew-drops from the lion's mane;*'
" I'll tell the ſlave, with gold their cities ſhine,
" Golconda's diamonds, and Potoſi's mine;
" Tell him, that I'm th'avenging angel ſent
" To make Europa's greedy ſons repent,
" To drive them from his long-uſurped ſhore,
" No cruel white man ſhall torment him more.
" '*War to the palace!*' ſounds through ev'ry band,
" '*Peace to the cottage,*' on their fartheſt ſtrand.

" ' *Britain*' parole;—' *Revenge*' the counterſign ;
" (Havock and plunder all the time are mine.)
" Her ancient rajahs catch the ſpecious flame,
" Lur'd by ' *Fraternity's*' deluſive name,
" Shall range the martial phalanx for her ſake,
" Plant *trees of liberty* round ev'ry lake.
" Now ſhall your Nizams, Tributaries pour,
" Mahrattas, Viziers, ſtates unheard before,
" With all your ſceptred ſlaves, who fear and
" hate,
" Who fear your pow'r, deteſt your pride and
" ſtate,
" Who all a feign'd compulſive homage pay,
" Shall gladly hail fair Freedom's dawning ray.

" Cradled in want, and bred in ſcenes of woe,
" 'My *vict'ry's** *darlings*' view, — and beat the foe;
" My hardy troops, where Sol firſt lights the morn,
" Name petty Europe's narrow bounds with ſcorn,
" Where Roman eagles never wing'd their flight,
" Nor own'd a ſultan nor a caliph's might;
" Beyond the foreſts where the Ganges flows,
" Beyond her mountains white with endleſs ſnows,
" From whoſe high brows, or Jumna's tepid ſtreams,
" The crawling wretch, who bows at light's bright
" beams,
" Shall hear my voice, my martial trump obey,
" Drive his oppreſſors and their fiends away,

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* See Bonaparte's letter to the Directory, where he calls Maſſena " *l'enfant chéri de la victoire.*"

" Shall ſee eclips'd his fabled worthies might,
" And all his idols ſunk in endleſs night;
" His prieſts forgot, his fanes neglected lie,
" While ' *Vive la République!*' is chanted to the
" ſky.

" In thoſe vaſt plains where oft the demon god*
" Has ſwum in horror through the crimſon flood;
" Where Carnage on her iron vulture rides,
" And Death in ev'ry form exulting guides;
" Where each befriended by the fickle dame,
" Now theſe a triumph, thoſe a conqueſt, claim;
" Now ſail with glory down her proſp'rous tide;
" Now ſunk as captives, now as victors ride;

* Of war.

" Gentoo, Mahometan, and Engliſh fame,
" Shall yield the palm to Bonaparte's name.

" My doctrines and my principles ſhall ſpread,
" Some bought by gold, and ſome by treach'ry led;
" (While dear '*Equality's*' ſeductive ſound
" Fans the fierce blaze that's kindling all around;)
" Where winds can blow, and ſtormy oceans roll,
" From the equator to the frozen pole;
" Where Japaneſe, as fiery as their clime,
" Prone to revolt and change from earlieſt time,
" Shall mourn too late, when weeping o'er their
" loſs,
" Themſelves outdone, in trampling on the croſs;
" Too late ſhall find what ties my follow'rs guide,
" Who ev'ry one alike — indignantly deride.

" Their ſiſter-empire's, Tartar chains unbound,
" Exulting hails me an avenger found.
" The ſhout of freedom her pagodas ſhakes,
" Her lofty mountains, and her peopled lakes;
" Confucius ſcorn'd; her Mandarins laid low;
" Her throne o'erturn'd, to me her people bow;
" Scatt'ring to duſt whole ſyſtems with a breath,
" My nod is ruin, and my frown is death."

Such were the thoughts that ſwell'd his frantic pride,
When the bold chieftain from his veſſel's ſide,
(Whoſe lofty projects ſkill and art combin'd,
Nor guilt nor terror ſhook his daring mind,)
To wildeſt theories adding ev'ry rule
Taught in a Machiavel's, a Borgia's ſchool;

While his contempt of faith and right avow'd,
The ſword his law, " *the deſtinies his god;*"*
Unaw'd by danger, bade his ſhores adieu,
As their white cliffs ſunk from his fearleſs view.
Steel'd againſt all the charities of life,
He feels no pratt'ling babe, no tender wife;
He feels no gentle pity's melting throes,
Moſt dear, when weeping for another's woes;
No Lares flutter o'er his cheerful hearth,
As joys domeſtic crown each heart with mirth,
Who, ſmiling as they leave their parent ſky,
Bind man to man by ev'ry ſacred tie.
Scorning thoſe ſocial links that all entwine,
At Zembla's ſnows or at the ſultry line;

* See his letter to the Directory.

Within his breaſt no patriot ardour glows,
Foe to his country, to the world's repoſe:
No patriot laurels round his temples bloom,
Which, ever verdant, deck an Alfred's tomb,
(The nobleſt character in England's page,
Her pride, her boaſt, in ev'ry future age,
By nature form'd both virtuous, wiſe, and bold,
She made an Alfred, and ſhe broke the mould,)
His brighteſt palms, his Lodi's* far-fam'd day,
At Agincourt and Creſſi's fade away:
Unlike thoſe heroes, as humane as brave,
Who firſt their country, then their ſoldiers, ſave;

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* By every account, he wantonly ſacrificed the lives of a great number of his men at this bridge.

Unlike thoſe chiefs who nobly dar'd withſtand
The baſe oppreſſors of their native land;
Unlike the barons in fair Runnimede,
Who, clad in arms, their brave retainers lead,
And, greatly acting, as they greatly thought,
A tyrant felt the doctrines which they taught;
Or Wallace, with his ſmall, but gen'rous, band,
(Too ſmall, alas! to ſave a ſinking land,)
Who ev'ry hardſhip, ev'ry toil, endur'd,
Nor bribe nor promiſe from their purpoſe lur'd;
Unlike thoſe men, who, in a rougher age,
Scorn'd a Plantaganet, a Tudor's, rage,
Who 'gainſt a venal ſenate boldly ſtood,
Or in the battle fearleſs ſpilt their blood,
Who prov'd their firmneſs in the dungeon's gloom,
Or on the ſcaffold calmly met their doom.

Whether a bigot king prepar'd the yoke,
Or faithleſs miniſter his promiſe broke;
When they forgot their plighted oath and word,
They claim'd their birthright by the tardy ſword.
(Awful deciſion,—"*who*" the compact rends,
And nice the line of "*where*" obedience ends:
Reſiſtance is a *duty;* ev'ry ſcruple bends.
Dreadful alternative!—the ſabre draw,
Or yield ſubmiſſion to an unjuſt law.)
Unlike to Hampden, who at Chalgrave lay,
Worthy of Athens in her proudeſt day;
Or Stuart's victims in their early grave,
Whom neither virtue, youth, nor birth, could ſave.
(Illuſtrious martyrs to a deſpot's rage,
Theme of the poet and hiſtorian's page,

You move our pity while you rouze our ire,
And embryo-patriots catch the ſacred fire,
Inſpire our breaſts, though cold in death you lie,
Teach us to live, inſtruct us how to die.)
Sydney and Ruſſell, dear in Freedom's cauſe,
Whoſe fame, e'en yet, the fawning courtier awes;
Fair ſhades of liberty, ye were not near,
To hover o'er him in his wild career.

No wrongs, no inſults, manly warmth inſpire,
But mad ambition's feveriſh deſire:
No baſe oppreſſions rouze the patriot ſtrife,
No hoſtile blows at liberty or life:
No fierce invader wakes the gen'rous ire,
Nerves ev'ry arm with more than Grecian fire.

He goes to throw whole kingdoms in a flame
That neither knew his nation nor his name,
By ev'ry wile, to plunge in ev'ry woe,
Himſelf to freedom far the greateſt foe;
By ev'ry art to raiſe a deſpot's ſway,
That he may flame the meteor of a day.

Europe's kind Providence directed far
His vet'ran captains and his dreaded war,
Who might in ruins have Vienna laid,
Or on Irene's ſhores their ſanguine flag diſplay'd!
Like the dread comet, in the realms of ſpace,
Sent in heav'n's anger on a ſinful race,
Itſelf unconſcious of the ills it brings,
The cruſh of empires, and the fall of kings,

Which neither knows the reaſon of its courſe,
Th'effects and cauſes of its awful force,
Acts by his nod, who wheels the circling year,
Nor thinks this petty world beneath his care;
Who wings the lightning and illumes the ſun,
Who ſays, So far, — no farther, ſhall you run.

(Compare a Howard in his bright career,
Unaw'd by danger, unreſtrain'd by fear;
Did fierce Ambition, with her reſtleſs fire,
Inflame his breaſt with all her madd'ning ire,
Through ſeas of blood to raiſe a deathleſs name,
The warrior's trophy, or the conq'rors fame?
Her ſhining wiles did frenzy'd Av'rice ſhow,
That craving, reſtleſs, never-ceaſing, foe?

He brav'd the waves to feel for others grief,
Give the poor captive in his cell relief,
On all his trials dropp'd the balmy tear,
Which meek-ey'd Pity render'd doubly dear,
Brought Hope's bright viſions to his care-worn breaſt,
Told him in better worlds from pain he'd reſt.
Victim at laſt to gen'rous Feeling's call,
Thouſands unborn ſhall weep his hapleſs fall;
When London's turrets moulder into duſt,
And e'en the medal is obſcur'd by ruſt.)

Siroccos guard the deſolated ſhore,
Nile's crawling monſters and the tiger's roar;
No cheerful ſwains their fleecy treaſures tell,
But ſerpents hiſs and fierce hyenas yell;

No ſtreams meand'ring gently die away;
No groves, no thickets, to aſſuage the day;
No weſtern breezes ſoothe the languid breaſt,
But tropic heats and cloudleſs ſuns infeſt.
Scorning the horrors of the ſtormy main,
The boundleſs deſert, and the burning plain,
Fearleſs of want, and ſcowling famine's call,
His courſe is ſtopp'd by fatal D'Acre's wall.
Day after day he cheers, with fruitleſs toil,
His vet'ran troops, the dread of ev'ry ſoil;
Thoſe troops which threaten'd ruin wide and far,
Stopp'd by the courage of a Britiſh tar.
(Not the firſt time that Briton's dar'd to ſhine
Firſt in the breach, laſt in the dang'rous mine;
On the ſame ſpot their palmy feats diſplay'd,
And to the croſs the lilies homage paid.

Heroic prince! though doom'd by fate to bend,
Not to your rival,* but your treach'rous friend,
Your name ſtill lives in Troubadour romance,
Your lion ſpirit, and your peerleſs lance;
You fought to conquer, and you bled to ſave,
Mercy's† your pride; the glory of the brave;
Your red-croſs knights in toil and hardſhip try'd,
Their Paynim foes in many a fight defy'd,

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* Let any one compare the conduct of Philip and Saladin to Richard I.

† This will hardly apply to Bonaparte, as the maſſacre at Alexandria can witneſs; which he juſtified to the Directory, by ſaying it was to ſtrike terror.

Gave e'en a colour to enchantment's dreams
Of giants, taliſmans, and fairy themes.)
So he, who ſpread throughout a wide alarm,
Stopp'd by the proweſs of a Britiſh arm,
His trophies wither'd, ſhuns the face of day,
And, by night ſhelter'd, ſilent ſteals away.
Unlike thoſe men, borne down by angry fate,
Struggling with fortune and their adverſe ſtate,
Firmly prepar'd life's changing ſcenes to meet,
Great in ſucceſs, but greater in defeat.
See brave Bayard,* when ev'ry hope was fled,
No baſe low falſehoods on his rival ſpread;
No broken truce embitter'd his laſt hour;
No helpleſs pris'ners murder'd in his pow'r;

* See his death in Robertſon's Charles V. vol. ii. page 203.

No ſick, abandon'd, curs'd his parting breath;
No wounded* warrior left to worſe than death.
In his retreat no wanton havock made
On the poor hamlet and its peaceful ſhade;
No harmleſs village burnt in vengeful ire;
No waving grain blaz'd with his cruel fire;
No unoffending peaſant loſt his all,†
And, if he murmur'd, — met the hoſtile ball;

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* See the London Gazette, 10th September, 1799, for his conduct to his ſick, wounded, and priſoners; his groſs calumny upon Sir S. Smith, reſpecting the plague; his breaking the truce, &c.

† "The left column marched by Ramie, with orders to burn "the villages, and deſtroy all the harveſt. The head quarters, "the diviſion of Bon, and that of Lannes, took the central

No ſmoking towns, in deſolation laid,
Call'd the ſad lover from the ſwooning maid:—
" The poſt of honour ever was my care,
" To lead the van or to defend the rear;
" My men are ſav'd,—I've done my beſt!"—he ſigh'd;
Then for his oath, his king, his country, dy'd.
As gen'rous Bourbon preſs'd the hoſtile rear,
On his fall'n foe, he dropp'd the pitying tear;
In all the pride of conqueſt loſt his hate,
And almoſt envy'd Bayard's happier fate;
While great Peſcara ſooth'd his parting breath,
Strove to retard the icy hand of death.

" road, and likewiſe burnt the villages and the corn-harveſt;
" and farther, that immenſe plain preſented but one blaze of
" fire." See Berthier's Narrative, page 78.

See the firm Roman* bid his laſt adieu
To wife, to home, he's fated ne'er to view,
Whoſe only crime was, that he ſerv'd too well!
Bluſh cruel Carthage while the reſt we tell.
" I ſaw your gallant, youthful, free-born, bands,
" Baſely employ'd in tilling foreign lands;
" I ſaw thoſe lands, with ſmiling harveſts crown'd,
" Till'd by your men in ſhameful fetters bound;
" No time, no art, can e'er that blot efface,
" Nor from your armies wipe the foul diſgrace.
" The fleece once dy'd, its colour ne'er returns;
" The ſoldier loſt, — no more with glory burns.
" I know the tortures by the foe prepar'd,
" But, for your honour, ev'ry torture's dar'd."

* Regulus.

See the old Briton,* with his ſcythed car,
Who nine long years repell'd a Cæſar's war;
While Druid bards, with their inſpiring ſong,
Sooth'd, cheer'd, and rouz'd, his brave, but half-
arm'd, throng;
From rank to rank, they wake the gen'rous ſtrife,
"Strike the laſt blow for liberty and life!"
Vain hopes, alas! — he ſaw his efforts fail,
And Rome's all-pow'rful deſtinies prevail,
Greater in chains, when brought to Claudius' throne,
Than that poor wretch who call'd the world his
own;
Freedom and hope with him together flee,
And haughty Britain bent her ſtubborn knee.

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* Caractacus.

Or the firſt gen'ral that the world beheld,
Who almoſt fortune in his fetters held,
Who ev'ry talent, ev'ry wile, combin'd,
A Parma's coolneſs with a Cæſar's mind,
A Condé's ſcience and a Malbro's ſkill,
With ev'ry art and ſtratagem at will,
Who made it doubtful, many a hard-fought day,
Which of the rivals ſhould the world obey,
Haraſs'd by faction, hardly with a friend,
Made Rome's proud eagles to his genius bend;
For ſixteen years upheld the dubious ſtrife,
And poiz'd the conteſt by his ſingle life;
Outdid his conq'ror, (when, compell'd to yield,)
Greater in Zama than in Cannæ's field.
(His brighteſt gem, in all that ſcene of woe,
"Stop, ſoldiers, ſtop! and ſpare the vanquiſh'd foe."

His brighteſt gem, in all Italia's plains,
The laſt ſad honours paid his foes, remains;
The * conteſt ended, ev'ry rancour's fled,
And the brave ſoldier *wars not with the dead.)*

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* The funeral honours that Hannibal paid to Marcellus, and the ſearch he made for the body of Flaminius, after the battle of Thraſimene, will ever reflect the higheſt honour on his character. It is impoſſible not to admire two inſtances of the ſame kind, in the Auſtrian armies, this war.—In 1793, when the French retreated from Belgium, and General Dampierre was killed, the Auſtrians occupied the ground immediately after, and placed a centry over the green-ſward grave to protect his remains from inſult.—In 1796, when the Archduke Charles repulſed the French from Germany, and General Marceau was killed, he not only ſent them his body, and granted a truce while they interred it in the intrenched camp at Coblentz, but his army joined with the

Proſcrib'd and baniſh'd by a land he ſav'd,
True to his oath, he ev'ry danger brav'd.
" Not maſters yet, — undaunted will I go,
" Rouſe up freſh worlds, a never-ceaſing foe."

---

enemy in paying thoſe laſt honours that are ſhewn to the memory of the unfortunate brave. — How different the conduct of Ghazar Pacha, in cutting off the ears of the French ſoldiers, who were killed, and ſending them to Conſtantinople. It was worthy of a Commodus or a Nero.

Quaſi Maſtin che'l ſaſſo ond' a lui porto
Fu duro colpo, infellonito afferra :
O d'immenſo dolor, vano conforto,
Incrudelir ne l'inſenſibil terra ! TASSO.

One cannot but regret our brave men ſerving with ſuch a cruel tyrant, as, by every account, he is repreſented to be.

Through treach'ry forc'd to drink the pois'nous wine,
" Now, then," cries Rome, " the univerſe is mine."
Poor, old, and exil'd from his native land,
See Beſiſarius* ſtretch his laurell'd hand.
When the fierce Goths to ruin kingdoms hurl'd,
Alone he ſtood, and propp'd a ſinking world;
Not e'en a ſceptre made him ſwerve his ſide,
He liv'd as faithful as he loyal dy'd.
See, for his country, Brutus in diſmay,
After Philippi's ſad and fatal day,
Where his laſt effort for the people fail'd,
And Cæſar's fortune over Rome's prevail'd.
See great Navarre, though preſs'd by hoſtile foes,
Scorn to take Paris by his ſubjects woes,

* See Gibbon, vol. iv. page 127.

Form'd to command, and in the tempeſt ride,
His people's friend, protector, and their guide;
He ſhew'd, while ſpurning ev'ry meaner thing,
That firſt great character, — a patriot king.
See Hyde rewarded for his toil and pains
With exile, fine, imprifonment, and chains;
Through treach'ry's waves he firmly ſail'd along,
Frown'd on the hireling, aw'd a venal throng,
Reſtrain'd corruption in a ſhameleſs court,
Of pimps and proſtitutes alike the ſport.
A king may frown, — ſuch men he can't diſgrace,
Though ſtripp'd of riches, title, pow'r, and place;
On his laſt hours approving Virtue gleams,
And in his exile beats her noon-tide beams.

See the wing'd ſhaft of vengeance and of Tell,
See Warſaw's plains, where Koſciuſco fell,
Who, nobly ſtruggling for their rights and laws,
Adds one more victim to the people's cauſe.
Though vain his efforts, and unjuſt his doom,
Not Tully's ſelf could ſave his falling Rome;
Though injur'd guiltleſs Poland found her grave,
No pitying friend, no gen'rous arm, to ſave;
Though foil'd; though cruſh'd; his name will ever live,
And his example future heroes give.
See Baurepaire,* at Verdun's council plac'd,
Submit to death before he'd be diſgrac'd;

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* When the Auſtrians beſieged Verdun, in 1792, where Baurepaire was commandant, the municipality, to whom the Legiſlative Aſſembly had given the power, wiſhed to capitulate.

See him with calmneſs fire the murd'rous ball,
And for his honour unrepining fall.
" Sign your baſe terms, crouch down, in fetters lie;
" Such mercies I deſpiſe; behold a ſoldier die!"
They all in anguiſh felt the ſweet applauſe
Of a good conſcience and an upright cauſe;
Applauſes far beyond the reach of praiſe,
No lightnings wither, and no time decays,
In mis'ry's depths they " *felt th'approving hour,*"
Which he'll ne'er know tho' thron'd on Cairo's pow'r,
Though Afric's regions ſhould their homage pay,
And all her myriads own his lordly ſway.

Baurepaire did all he could to prevent them; but in vain. He then wrote a letter to the aſſembly, drew out a piſtol, and ſhot himſelf.

So Perſia's lofty kings, in days of yore,
Their ſable millions on the ocean bore;
One,* the great Cyrus' wild and frenzy'd ſon,
Envy'ng the laurels by his father won,
Sought the ſame coaſt, purſu'd the ſelf-ſame plan,
Heedleſs of juſtice, equity, or man;
March'd where the groves of that fam'd temple ſtand,
That fertile iſle, within a ſea of ſand.
Th' offended God, who ſcorn'd his boaſted might,
Gave but a frown, and all was ſtill as night;
Hardly one trembling wretch eſcap'd to tell
The dreadful ſtorm by which whole armies fell.
The other† made e'en Neptune feel the load,
As his proud navy on the ocean rode;

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* Cambyſes. † Xerxes.

In all its glory ſaw that navy loſt,
His projects baffled, and his wiſhes croſs'd.
(So he by Britons view'd his laurels fade,
And all his trophies wither in the ſhade,
Saw e'en the Pyramids our feats admire,
And Memnon tune again his broken lyre,
Saw Egypt's deities in homage bend,
And hail Britannia as their only friend;
While ſtung with rage, all ſhame, all honour, fled,
Wreaks his poor vengeance on the mighty dead:
Hail gallant ſhade! — though wide your aſhes lie,
While Nelſon lives, your name ſhall never die.*)

---

* Bonaparte's conduct to the brave though unfortunate Admiral Bruyes (whoſe only crime was having followed his orders

Like him, unfeeling, treacherous, unjuſt,
Falſe to his troops, regardleſs of his truſt,
Baſely deſerts his gallant vet'ran band,
Condemn'd to linger on a dreary ſtrand,

---

too ſtrictly, and whom he firſt ſacrificed, and then calumniated) will ever reflect the greateſt diſhonour upon himſelf. Jaubert's letter, of the 9th of July, and Admiral Ganteaume's, both prove he detained the fleet contrary to Bruyes' remonſtrances; to whom he wrote, on the 27th of July, "when you inform "me what you have done at Aboukir, you ſhall receive *farther* "*orders* from me." — And yet, when mentioning the battle of the Nile to the Directory, he had the effrontery to write, "that, "to the 24th of July, he thought Bruyes had ſailed for Corfu, "or entered the Port of Alexandria; but "*Dead men tell no* "*tales.*" — See the Intercepted Correſpondence. Part 1ſt.

Left to their fate, to cruel foes a prey,
In a ſmall bark he meanly ſteals away;*
Silent ſhe ſpreads her canvas to the gales,
And Afric's curſes fill the parting ſails.†

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* The ſecrecy with which he re-embarked, and the care he took to conceal it from his army, clearly prove he deſerted them. For an account of his precautions, ſealed orders, &c. ſee the circular letter of the adminiſtration of the department of the Var, 10th October, 1799, announcing his arrival in France, manner of his embarkation, &c.

† May not Africa exclaim of his daring enterprize,

Grande, ma breve fulmine il direſti
Ch'inaſpettato ſopraggiunga, e paſſi;
Ma' del ſuo corſo momentaneo reſti
Veſtigio eterno in dirupati ſaſſi. TASSO.

Unhappy France! freſh changes now begin,
And in your puniſhment you ſee your ſin;
Still to new perjuries an endleſs prey,
Still doom'd to feel ſome upſtart deſpot's ſway.
With all your ſtruggles, you remain the ſame;
You've fought for nothing — but an empty name.
When firſt your arm 'gainſt tyranny you rais'd,
What heart but bleſs'd you, and what tongue but prais'd!
When your proud empire tumbled to the ground,
And vine-clad hills heard Freedom's cheering ſound,
England, your former foe, in ev'ry ſtate,
Too great to fear, too generous to hate,
Forgot the conflicts ſprung from ancient ire,
Both cheer'd and fann'd your newly-kindled fire,
With earneſt wiſhes pray'd for proſp'rous gales,
That Hope might ſteer, while Freedom fill'd your ſails.

Freedom and Hope, alas! retir'd with ſcorn,
Left your gay regions wretched and forlorn.
Was it for him you put forth all your might,
Toil'd through the day, and through the ſleepleſs night,
Endur'd ſo much, paſs'd through ſo many forms,
And bore the horrors of ſo many ſtorms,
Pour'd your beſt blood upon Germania's plains,
For eight long years of ſufferings and pains,
Deſtroy'd thoſe tyes that ſoften and adorn,
Made life more wretched, and made death forlorn,
Smarted beneath the demagogue's keen rod,
Murder'd your monarch, and abjur'd your God,
Plunder'd his temples, ſwam through ſeas of gore,
To ſink in ſlav'ry deeper than before?
Your new dictator brings you ev'ry wile,
Italian principles and Eaſtern guile;

With Cairo's doctrines and her art combin'd,
The * Turkiſh dagger, and a Sieyes' mind;
He maſks beneath deluſive Freedom's name
The artful cunning of a Maz'rine's fame,
Conceals beneath her ſoft, her ſyren, lay
The iron ſceptre of a Richlieu's ſway.
Prone at his feet, his conquer'd country lies,
Whilſt to her woes, inſulting thus he cries:

---

* Bonaparte and his officers ſeem to have overturned the French Republic with the ſame promptitude and facility that a few Mammelukes overthrow a Divan; and the people of Paris ſeem to regard one with as much apathy as the people of Cairo do the other. It is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with Cicero's 2 Phil. in Ant. "Ego arma contra ſenatum populumque Roma-"num, contra deos patrios araſque et focos, contra patriam "tuli."

" I've paſs'd that Rubicon the weak revere,
" I've ſcorn'd thoſe limits that the timid fear:
" Remorſe and conſcience far away be hurl'd,
" Should I not gain, — I'll overturn, a world;
" Bound by no oath, no treaty, compact, form,
" *' I'll ride the whirlwind, and I'll guide the ſtorm ;'*
" I'll mount to pow'r unheard of and undreamt;
" I'll conquer fate by daring the attempt!"

Nor all vain-boaſting: — by a ſingle blow,
He lays her rights and conſtitution low;
That conſtitution fram'd with ſo much care, —
That acmé of perfection, — melts in air.
Like to the palace, which enchantment feigns,
Break but the ſpell, and not a trace remains;

With Perſian ſilks its walls brocaded o'er,
The floors of pearl, and gilded ev'ry door;
The cryſtal mirrors ſhine with brilliant rays,
And Eaſtern gems reflect the dazzling blaze.
In flow'r of youth, the lovely nymphs advance,
Cheer the gay banquet, grace the airy dance,
Point to the ſofa, beckon to retire,
Wake all the kindling throbbings of deſire;
Their waving ringlets, and their heaving breaſt,
Half ſhewn, half cover'd by the envious veſt;
Their wanton looks; their thouſand nameleſs charms;
Still ev'ry thought but Cupid's ſoft alarms.
Touch but the taliſman, down fall the domes,
And, where the Peries ſung, the panther roams.

The fabric, late ſo gaudy and ſo bright,
Sinks in the gloom of darkneſs and of night.*

---

* After all that can be ſaid of the bad conduct of the late Directory, and every palliative for Bonaparte's ſubſequent adminiſtration, the revolution of the 18th Brumaire muſt be reprobated in France by the ſincere royaliſt, the true jacobin, and the honeſt republican. In England, it muſt diſguſt every Whig, who, diſregarding the political enmities and fleeting contentions of the day, looks to principles and not to men.

The government he has ſince eſtabliſhed (and which, if the French chooſe to acknowledge, no other nation has any right to interfere with) is either a military deſpotiſm, created, ſupported, and may be overturned, by the bayonet, or an elective, inſtead of an hereditary, monarchy, uniting, as before the revolution, the executive and legiſlative powers; in

Ambitious chief! though ev'ry wiſh is o'er,
And now you graſp the pinnacle of pow'r;

---

which his mock repreſentatives will hardly be as independent as the old parliaments under the Bourbons, and will be quite under the control of the executive power. But he calls it a Republican conſtitution, in which he decrees inviolability to the conſulate, tribunate, legiſlature, and council of ſtate, contrary to the very eſſence of a republic, which always implies an equality of perſons for its very baſis. It is the peculiar diſtinction and pride of a monarchy only to have its firſt magiſtrate inviolable, and to confer on him the invaluable privilege of mercy, as the brighteſt ornament of his crown.

Before the people had time to accept (for they dare not reject) this conſtitution, much leſs ſent up a liſt of eligible perſons, from which the Conſervative Senate might chooſe the tri-

Boaſt not the blood of fam'd Paoli bold,

Nature ne'er form'd you from his patriot mould;

---

bunate, legiſlature, &c. (which is the law as he has enacted,) he had filled up both with his own creatures and partizans. The inſult is ſomething like Caligula making his horſe conſul. But the people of France have been the ſport and the victims of ſo many contending factions, each equally unprincipled; and the Pariſians are ſo loſt in apathy and ſunk in diſſipation, give them only their "Reſtorateur & Comédie, Panem & Cir-"cenſes,"* and there is no ſyſtem of government to which they will not ſubmit. But Bonaparte will do well to remember, (elevated as he is, and degraded as his ſubjects are,) if any great reverſe of fortune ſhould attend his arms, the Faubourg

* Would to God France was the only country to which this will apply!

In man, in brute, we ſee the offſpring run,
And the brave ſire begets a gen'rous ſon.

---

de St. Antoine may produce a future Damien or an unknown Reveillac.

What with the violence or fears of ſome, and the folly or treachery of others, all rational liberty ſeems retiring from Europe, and it muſt either ſink under the degrading yoke of a military deſpotiſm, or, what is worſe, the fetters of a ferocious and turbulent democracy. (Though perhaps in ſome countries that deſpotiſm may be ſoftened by manners, mitigated by education, reſtrained by character, and concealed beneath the forms of a free government, — the mockery of a repreſentation of the people.) But the cauſe of freedom remains the ſame, and its friends ſhould neither ſlacken their efforts, deſert their principles, nor ſink in deſpondency, but wait

Though France is yours, and all her tow'ring
fanes,
Her wealthy cities, and her fertile plains;
Though ſeated on the Bourbon's haughty throne,
And all they boaſted, you now call your own;

---

with firmneſs, patience, and moderation, for better days; in hopes that the preſs (which it is not in the power of man to deſtroy*) may yet preſerve us from the dark and awful gloom which is hovering over the political hemiſphere.

* Bonaparte may put the newſpapers down, but he can no more annihilate the preſs than he can ſtop the tides of the ocean.

(One curs'd Baſtile* alone obey'd their power,
But your Baſtiles o'er ev'ry hamlet lower,
From Seine's gay banks to Cayenne's torrid waves,
No law reſtrains you, and no diſtance ſaves;)

---

* Of the Bourbon family in their preſent forlorn ſtate, I ſhall only ſay, they are entitled to that reſpect ever due to misfortune, to that ſympathy ever due to fallen greatneſs. But the manner in which it is now the faſhion to ſpeak of them (for ages the inveterate foes of Great Britain, the ſcourge of Europe, and, with the exception of the unfortunate Louis XVI. as profligate in private, as they were tyrannic in public, life) is ſo different from the jealous good old whig doctrines of other days, that I believe the man who ventured to uſe ſuch language would have been thought an enemy to his country.

Though for your ſway in chains Helvetia's led,
For you Tell ſtruggled and for you he bled;
Though Belgium fought through thirty years of pain,
To grace your triumph, and adorn your reign;
Though Spain, with all Pizarro's cruel guile,
All Cortez' conqueſts, lives — but by your ſmile;
Though where the Rhine her flow'ry borders laves
Your mandate ruins, and your fiat ſaves;
Though all thoſe millions bow to you the knee,
Can you, at all times, from yourſelf get free?
Do no forebodings riſe within your breaſt,
No glimmering ſcaffolds break your midnight reſt?
No ſecret whiſpers hint the fatal block,
Shew from the Capitol Tarpeia's rock?
No ſword of Brutus ſwim before your eyes?
No anxious thoughts, no ides of March, ariſe?

When all the buſtle of the day is o'er,
And the laſt aid-de-camp has ſhut the door,
Aſk your own heart in the lone ſilent hour,
When ſtretch'd on all the down of pomp and pow'r,
Like England's Cromwell in the ſame career,
Is not that down replete with thorns and care?
As dreary phantoms round your pillow ſtand,
Array'd by Conſcience with her vengeful hand,
"*Her ſtill ſmall pow'r*" ſhall dart compunctuous throes,
Tell you of all your crimes and all your woes.
Contraſt a Waſhington's far happier fate,
With all your guards, your conſulſhip,* and ſtate:

---

* Since the firſt edition has been ſtruck off, that great and good man, who joined to the ſoftneſs of modern manners the

He took up arms, he brav'd the hoſtile ſtrife,
To ſave his country, — dearer than his life.

---

firmneſs and integrity of an old patriot, who united the talents of a general with the enlightened views of a ſtateſman, has paid the debt of nature. Of all the public men, who have boldly and honeſtly ſtood up for the rights of an injured and oppreſſed people, from Agis to the Scipios, and from the Gracchi to Koſciuſco, few have eſcaped from either being the victims of calumny, periſhing in the field, or loſing their lives on the ſcaffold. — Waſhington ſucceeded, and left his country free!

When thoſe unprincipled and ambitious ſtateſmen, his cotemporaries, in *another* hemiſphere, will be loſt and forgotten among that crowd, who have diſgraced every country and curſed every age, his name will adorn the harangue of the orator, the ſong of the poet, and the page of the hiſtorian.

You met the dagger, and you brav'd the blow,
Not to ſave your's, but to prolong her woe;
You broke your oath, your plighted faith, and word,
Diſſolv'd her ſenates by the lawleſs ſword,
Acted the traitor in a ſhameleſs cauſe,
Deſtroy'd her rights, her conſtitution, laws.

" *When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,*
" *Returns to deck his hallow'd mould,*
" *She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,*
" *Than e'er by fairy feet was trod;*
" *By fairy hands his knell is rung,*
" *By fairy forms his dirge is ſung.*
" *There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,*
" *To bleſs the turf that wraps his clay;*
" *And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,*
" *And dwell a weeping hermit there.*"

His name will live ador'd in hiſt'ry's page,
The ſtateſman, gen'ral, patriot, and the ſage,
His well-earn'd meeds malevolence can't fade,
No party rancour throw into the ſhade,
Defy e'en Faction, ever on the wing,
With all her malice and her harpy ſting,
His name commands the praiſe, the love of all,
While yours and Cataline's together fall.

Yet come it will, the fatal hour decreed,
At life's laſt ebb, when, pauſing on the deed,
No conſcious rectitude will cheer the gloom,
Which beams on the expiring patriot's doom;
No ſweet reflection gilds your ſetting ray,
But ſad remembrance of your death-track'd way;

No nation's bleſſings vibrate in your ear;
No mournful ſenates drop the grateful tear;
In the loud pæan chaunt your ſacred fame,
And in their hearts immortalize your name,
Plant the freſh cypreſs round your clay-cold grave,
And all your virtues from oblivion ſave.
Unlike the ſtateſman,* fam'd in days of old,
Feeling death's horrors and its chilly cold:
"Talk not of trophies, nor of battles won,
"No citizen for me e'er mourn'd a ſon!"

Dreadful ambition! ſee thy direful curſe,
You make the good man bad, the bad man worſe.

---

* Pericles.

(Far happier, if the bullet, wing'd with fate,
Had laid him low at Mantua's well-fought gate;
Or elſe when Paris, wild with rage and ire,
With all her ſections* met his hoſtile fire.)

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* The reader will perhaps recollect, when the ſections of Paris marched againſt the Convention in Sept. 1795, (13 Vendemaire,) on account of the decree, "that two-thirds of its members ſhould be retained for the new legiſlature," he commanded the artillery againſt them; and, in defending that conſtitution, which he afterwards deſtroyed, 4000 perſons loſt their lives in the ſtruggle.

The writer had this from a Daniſh gentleman who was at Paris at the time, and lodged in the ſtreet where the ſection of Le Pelletier (which was the rallying-point of the inſurgents, and whence they marched againſt the Convention) held its ſittings.

By thy illuſions and thy dreams miſled,
To juſtice, honour, and to virtue, dead;
He choſe the laurels that on Sylla ſhine
To thoſe which ever round Timoleon twine;
Preferr'd, to Cato's never-dying fame,
Deſpotic Cæſar's great, but dreaded, name,
Whom, though we execrate, we muſt admire
The ſtateſman's judgement and the warrior's fire,
Whoſe name unites whate'er can charm or awe,
O'erturn a world, or give whole empires law.
(Vain all the gifts of ſcience and of art,
Without that firſt great gift,—an honeſt heart.
Though ev'ry talent, ev'ry pow'r's combin'd,
Nature gives them, 'tis heav'n that gives the mind.)
View, in great Shakeſpeare, Cawdor's haughty lord,
True to his oath, by ſenſe of duty aw'd;

But, when he liſtens to Ambition's rage,
And mounts the ladder of her ſlipp'ry ſtage,
Though Conſcience ſmote him with her ſcorpion-
ſting,
He plung'd the dagger in his gueſt and king.
So the old Syrian* ſhudder'd, as he view'd
His hands, then pure, too ſoon in blood embru'd;
When the wiſe prophet told him ev'ry fact,
"*Lord! is thy ſlave a dog to do this act?*"
He little thought how ev'ry ſcruple bends,
When means are not regarded, but the ends;
How, ſtep by ſtep, we're led from ſin to ſin,
Till murder finiſhes what faults begin.

---

* Hazael.

O Liberty! fair goddeſs, to our ſhame,
What crimes have not been ſanction'd by thy name!
By force, by bribe, compell'd almoſt to bend,
Cruſh'd by the foe, leſs than the treach'rous friend.
A Danton's ſcaffold,* a Marat's applauſe,
Though they diſgrace, they cannot ſink, thy cauſe.
Diſguis'd by hypocrites, and factious ſtrife,
Thou ſtill remain'ſt to charm and cheer our life.
O'er cold Misfortune ſhed thy radiant beams,
Deaden her ſuff'rings by thy ſoothing gleams;

---

* The execution of the Briſſotin party, in October, 1793, will ſecure him a place for ever in the pantheon of cruelty and injuſtice. — Was not their debate, upon the immortality of the ſoul, when going to the guillotine, at leaſt equal to the diſcuſſion in Socrates's priſon the night previous to his death?

From courts and camps permitted to get free,
We all, in raptures, fondly look to thee.
Though ſycophants profane thy ſacred flame,
And the true patriot envy, hate, and blame,
(Unmov'd he bears the blows of adverſe fate,
His ſov'reign's anger, or the people's hate;
As Abdiel firm, though both traduc'd and ſpurn'd,
And his beſt actions e'en againſt him turn'd;
Libell'd by low corruption's dirty art,
Through ev'ry ſcene, through ev'ry mazy part,
He ſtands the buffet of a thouſand ſtorms,
Attack'd by Faction in a thouſand forms;
Now with her placid, now her boiſt'rous gales,
His hopes, his fears, alternate ſhe aſſails;
Sound, 'midſt deſertion, ſteady to the laſt,
He ſpurns at fortune, fearleſs meets the blaſt,

Free, though oppreſs'd, content and rich, though poor,
No wealth can buy him, and no titles lure,*)
Thou ſtill ſhalt charm us with thy ſoothing ſmile,
Spite of our folly, wickedneſs, and guile.
Revil'd, aſſail'd, oppreſs'd by pow'rful foes,
Riſe like Antæus ſtronger from thy woes;
Riſe with freſh ſplendours like the orb of day,
When morning fogs contraſt his noon-tide ray;
Riſe with freſh glories, like the Britiſh oak,
That lives the gale, beat down, but never broke;

---

* Thank God ſuch a character exiſts in this country, who unites the eloquence of Demoſthenes with the probity of Ariſtides: — I will not inſult the reader's underſtanding by naming him.

Like Britain's lion, preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
Bay the whole world, — command a better tide;
On her white cliffs unveil thy radiant face,
Take for thy audience all the human race,
Proclaim thy wrongs, thy ſuff'rings, and thy truth,
Silver'd with age, ſhew the ſpring-tide of youth;
Though lightnings dazzle, and though meteors play,
Unmaſk the traitors in their mazy way,
Like heav'n's own thunder, in its awful ſound,
Make ermin'd tyrants tremble all around;
Make curs'd Oppreſſion at thy preſence fly,
And thoſe dire furies,* with their fiend-like eye,
Cradled in France, in ev'ry vice and crime,
In ev'ry horror, brought from ev'ry clime:

* Anarchy and Democracy.

If Poverty would make us baſe, unjuſt,
Or wav'ring principles deſert our truſt,
In thoſe black hours, thy aid, thy ſuccour, ſend,
Strengthen, confirm, forbid us e'er to bend.
Point to us Marvell,* who could ſcarcely dine,
When he rejected Danby's golden mine,
On all his offers turn'd a ſcornful eye,
And kept that honour which no wealth could buy.
Shew us Boadicea's generous name,
Injur'd, oppreſs'd, to Rome's eternal ſhame,

---

* It ſeems hardly neceſſary to remind the reader of a well-known anecdote of the Lord-Treaſurer Danby calling upon Marvell at his lodgings in the Strand, and, upon his declining to accept a place, offering him £1000, which he refuſed, though he was obliged to borrow a guinea to pay for his dinner.

Spurning their ſcourges with indignant mien,
She liv'd a Briton, and ſhe died a queen.
If Fortune pilots through her dang'rous gales,
Steer firm the bark, nor preſs the ſwelling ſails,
Be meek, be humble, in a proſp'rous ſtate,
Be only proud when cruſh'd by adverſe fate;
Reſtrain thy vot'ries, ſhew that golden line,
"*To err is human, to forgive divine.*"
So may'ſt thou live, and ſpread thy bleſſings round,
While countleſs millions hail the cheering ſound;
Till Time decays, and e'en his reign is o'er,
His ſcythe is broke, his ſandglaſs runs no more;
So may'ſt thou live, till the laſt trumpet's call,
Which peals the requiem of this petty ball;
Till that dread blaſt, which wakes our hopes and fears,
And breaks the ſlumber of revolving years;